

## Washington's Pot-Bouille

In the Boiling Pot you have all the news  
From Smart Set gossip to lawmakers' views.

By ALICE LEE MOQUE.

Washington, Oct. 24.—The marriage of young Mr. Robert A. Taft and the charming little Miss Martha Whetson Bowers was a lovely affair. It took place in historic St. John's church, the scene of hundreds of the capital's most fashionable weddings, which was exquisitely decorated with ferns, palms and festoons of Southern smilax while the altar and chancel were banked with auratum lilies. The bride was a picture of girlish beauty in her ivory satin and lace gown, attended by a bevy of pretty girls in pink gowns carrying sheaves of chrysanthemums to match their gowns. But after all is said and done, marrying Bobbie Taft from Cincinnati is very different from marrying the same gentleman in the White House while his father is President, but fortunately the young people are too much in love with each to have any regrets.

Former President William H. Taft and Mrs. Taft arrived in Washington the day before the wedding and located at the New Willard, where they constantly held impromptu receptions. At the wedding Mrs. Taft wore a most becoming gown of blue velvet of a most lovely shade, which harmonized with the girlish gowns around her. Her friend, Mrs. Garrison McClintock, also wore a blue gown, but Mrs. McClintock's was of a dark shade. This is Mrs. Taft's first visit to Washington since the Wilson inauguration, and she is thoroughly enjoying herself. Since the wedding she has been the guest of Mrs. McClintock, vice-chairman of our Washington Woman Suffrage Council, at whose charming home she is being royally entertained.

### A Washington Man's Terrible Invention.

Mr. Louis Gathmann is a mild looking gentleman with a pair of merry blue eyes which look most kindly at you through his spectacles. No man looks less like one who would be responsible for the horrible work of the German siege guns which have devastated poor Belgium, but nevertheless it is his invention which has enabled the "Busy Berthas" to hurl their deadly explosives the amazing distance now possible. The Krupps with German avidity seized upon the death dealing invention of Mr. Gathmann which the United States let slip away, for although Congress at various times appropriated small sums to try his marvelously accelerated explosive method we did not secure it.

"I feel sorry for those who have suffered at Antwerp, Namur, Liege, and other places, where the Krupp-Gathmann guns have wrought terrible havoc," said Mr. Gathmann declares philosophically. "At the same time I feel I have accomplished a feat which when further developed will preserve the world's peace more effectually than any other factor. With the picture of the holocaust of Louvain in our minds, and shuddering at the awful thought of the unspeakable horrors and suffering of the present war and the wanton destruction of Rheims, some of us cannot emulate the Teutonic reasoning and stolid calm of Mr. Gathmann, who may live in America, but like his guns bears the label "Made in Germany."

### American Novelist Denounces Bomb Outrages.

President Wilson is in receipt of a resolution from the passengers of the steamship Olympic, forwarded to him with a personal letter from the American engineer, lecturer and novelist, F. Hopkinson Smith, asking him to protest in the name of the United States Government against the bomb-dropping Zeppelins and aeroplanes the innocent inhabitants of European cities. The resolution was signed by more than two hundred of the American passengers on the Olympic, who entrusted their resolution to Mr. Smith, who mailed it to the President the moment he disembarked. What action Mr. Wilson will take, if any, is not known. The awful condition of affairs abroad has been emphasized lately by the news that even the Red Cross steamers left Ostend—where there were 25,000 helpless refugees all utterly unable to get away—the nurses and doctors and their six hundred wounded soldiers were the target for a German Taube aeroplane which dropped bombs upon them, which fell into the water only a few yards from the vessel.

### President and Kentucky Colonel's Pipe O' Peace.

The President and Col. Henry Watterson, the redoubtable editor, have made up their long standing little spat. It is a pretty story that the cause of the healing of the old wounds which marks the end of the animadversions which existed between the old friends, was a touching tribute to the late lamented Mrs. Wilson from the Colonel's pen. It was printed as an editorial in his Louisville Courier-Journal, and it is said Colonel Watterson's eloquence and kind words of sympathy turned away the rath of

the Chief Executive. Last week an informal little luncheon marked the reconciliation of the two old friends and later a dinner at Harvey's was given in honor of Col. Watterson, the host of the occasion being Mr. Tully, the private secretary of the President. So we see that hostility and feuds dissolve like mist before the sunshine of a few kind words—which are after all much more simple and potent factors for peace than even Mr. Gathmann's most powerful demons, the far-hurling "Busy Berthas" with their awful death and destruction.

### Prominent Suffrage Speakers to Attend Convention.

Plans have already been perfected to make the coming annual suffrage convention in Nashville, Tenn., November 12-17, one of the most successful of any in recent years.

To this and Mrs. Medill McCormick and Mrs. Antoinette Funk have been selected to make addresses, and both ladies will as well make report of their successful work—Mrs. McCormick as chairman of the National Congressional Committee being thoroughly en rapport not only with conditions in Washington but throughout the country as well. Mrs. Funk will be Mrs. McCormick's strongest coadjutor at the convention, being not only herself an able lawyer, convincing speaker and an experienced suffrage organizer, but also fully equipped with facts and figures gained in her recent whirlwind campaign in the West.

All suffragists await the convention most eagerly, for it is believed that once and for all the difference in the matter of policy between the National Association and the faction known as the Congressional Union will be made plain. The action of the union in "holding the Democratic party as a whole responsible for the non-passage of a suffrage amendment" will be plainly and frankly repudiated, as a policy which Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National association, herself has emphatically condemned as suicidal.

### "Give a Suit" the New Slogan.

At the next meeting of the Washington Woman Suffrage Council officers will be elected for carrying out the "Give a Suit" movement. The ladies plan to get the men of the country to donate their old clothes for the European war victims.

### WORLD FREE TRADE MIGHT INSURE PEACE

Prof. F. H. Giddings Says Choice Now Is Between War and Commercial Freedom.

New York Times.

Men must choose between war and free trade, Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, the eminent sociologist, said last night in addressing the Institute of Arts and Sciences at Columbia University on "The Larger Meaning of the War." The lecture was one in the regular course of the institute. Millions of men and women in the United States and elsewhere do not believe or admit that such a choice must be made, according to Prof. Giddings, but the present war and the facts of life and history prove it. Until they are ready for world-wide trade they will waste their breath in praying for world peace.

Prof. Giddings startled his audience by asserting during the course of his lecture that all kings must go if permanent peace is to come about. Monarchical sovereignties are not conducive to peace, according to him, and they, together with the religion of barbarism, must go.

### Don't Let Your Baby Upset Your Household.

In the November Woman's Home Companion Dr. Roger H. Dennett, a well-known New York expert on the care of children, writes the first of a new series of talks to mothers. This first article is entitled "Baby's Schedule" and presents the details of an orderly baby's daily life. On the general subject of the importance of making a baby live up to a schedule Dr. Dennett says:

"Can you imagine a railroad run without a time-table? We'll, a proper system with a definite schedule is almost as necessary in the household where a baby is to be brought up, as it is in railroad or any other business, if the best results are to be obtained. It is far less work to have a time for everything, and it is not difficult to have everything come on time.

"In many instances I have found that all that it was necessary to do to change a bad baby to a good baby was to straighten out his schedule. A baby who eats whenever he wants throughout the night not only robs his mother of sleep but is fretful during the day. It is astonishing to see how one small infant may upset a household."

## WAR-SONGS OF THE BELLIGERENTS

Those of Germany and England Give an Insight Into the Present Psychology of the Nations.

(Dr. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, in the New York Times.)

Since the outbreak of the European conflict President Wilson has wisely admonished the American people to preserve an attitude of the strictest neutrality. It has been the fortune of war that England, through her control of the sea, has been enabled thereby to control the channels of publicity through which news of the war reaches this country.

The immense majority of the reports of the war come to us from English and French sources. Virtually all of the poetry printed in our newspapers is contributed by English poets or by American poets who sympathize with England and France in the titanic struggle. If we are to remain neutral, individuality as well as nationality, let it be a neutrality of fact—the liberal sentiment of a fair field and no favor. Before finally making up the verdict the American people need more light on the psychology of the German situation at this crucial moment in her national history. The printing of the best German poems evoked by the war would doubtless contribute toward that end. One would also like to have at this moment a clearer insight into the racial feelings which now animate the Russian people.

One of the most remarkable features of the present conflict is the animosity aroused in the breasts of the German people against the British nation for declaring war upon Germany. It is the conviction of many, even now, that the Kaiser is not the War Lord of the flamboyant poster, but a man of peace, home-loving, domestic in his instincts, more deeply intent upon fostering Germany's industrial development than either her military or naval expansion. It is the conviction of many, even now, that Germany did not desire this war. The conviction left upon the consciousness of the impartial observer is that Germany was profoundly surprised and dismayed over England's declaration of war.

Germany's leaders in philosophy and science, Rudolf Eucken and Ernst Haeckel, declare that the whole German world of letters is today filled with deep indignation and strong moral wrath at the present behavior of England in extending the present war into a world war. The great German dramatist, Gerhart Hauptmann, whose plays have profoundly moved peoples of all lands, asseverates that Germany has and has had no hatred against France, and that war was forced upon Germany as a measure of defense. "Who was it," he asks, "that did conspire to bring about this war? Who even whistled for the Mongolian, for the Jap, that he should come to bite viciously and in cowardly wise at Europe's heels. It is with great pain and bitterness that I pronounce the word 'England.'"

Everywhere throughout Germany, among her citizens, in her army, the rising indignation over England's participation in the effort to crush Germany has fanned Germany's smoldering rivalry of Great Britain into a hot blast of consuming hatred. The German troops made herculean efforts to cut off, capture and annihilate the British army in France, and it was the only by the most desperate efforts that the British army escaped. The individual soldier in the German army feel little animosity toward the French or the Russian soldiers, apparently, but they eagerly desire to meet and to crush in the field their deeply hated foe the English.

In England the passions aroused by the war have taken the form of concentrated hatred of the person and principles of the Kaiser. The responsibility for the war is laid at the door of the Kaiser and the Prussian military caste. The "noble rage" of England is thus expressed in the lines of William Watson:

At last we know you, War Lord. You that flung  
The gauntlet down, fling down the  
mask you wore.  
Publish your heart, and let its pent  
hate pour,  
You that had God forever on your  
tongue.  
We are old in war, and if in guile we  
are young.  
Young also is the spirit that evermore  
Burns in our bosom ev'n as heretofore.  
Nor are these thews unbraced, these  
nerves unstrung.  
We do not with God's name make  
wanton play;  
We are not on such easy terms with  
Heaven.

In the early weeks of the war an English friend, the editor of a representative popular English magazine, sent me a copy of this magazine containing an article condemning the Kaiser to the isolation of banishment. "By St. George," ran the amazing words, "and with the aid of humane Europe, he shall reign supreme upon a rock. And this not in revenge, but so that the liberty of the Germans, as well as of the Allies, shall be secured in the bonds of peace. Fight only with the King of Prussia. But fight until he be glad of St. Helena to hide a head that shall rear itself with the lust of pride in Europe no more."

This violent expression of animos-

ity against the Kaiser has by no means been confined to the pages of the popular magazines. In a letter to The London Times the positivist, Frederic Harrison, afforded a strange spectacle of English sanity and balance in his asseveration that, after the victory of the Allies, the Kaiser must be openly humiliated, his epaulettes and orders torn from him, his sword broken over his shoulders, and he himself must be banished, either to Devil's Island or to St. Helena.

From Munich has just come to me one of the most remarkable poems the war has yet evoked, on either side. This poem, entitled "Hassgesang gegen England," by Ernst Lissauer, which recently appeared in Jugend, is a veritable war chant of hate, resonant with the note of ancient tribal rites and the primitive ferocity of a people stirred to the topmost pitch of a passionate racial animosity. The translation, a rendering close to the original in phraseology and spirit, I ask you to publish in the same issue with this letter. It is a symbol of the spirit which has welded together into a marvelous union the entire German people of seventy millions and made of them a fighting unit of almost incredible force and cohesiveness. The conquest of such a people, even if it can be effectuated—of a people solidly arrayed in a compact of hate against their greatest rival and stumbling block, England—is a task which will tax to the uttermost the last resources of the Allies.

The German war chant referred to by Dr. Henderson is also printed in the Times, and will be found below:

A Chant of Hate Against England.  
By Ernst Lissauer in Jugend, rendered into English verse by Barbara Henderson.

French and Russian, they matter not,  
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot;

We love them not, we hate them not,  
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges-gate.

We have but one and only hate,  
We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe and one alone.

He is known to you all, he is known to you all,  
He crouches behind the dark gray flood.

Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,  
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.

Come let us stand at the Judgment place,  
An oath to swear to, face to face.

An oath of bronze no wind can shake,  
An oath for our sons and their sons to take.

Come, hear the word, repeat the word,  
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard.

We will never forego our hate,  
We have all but a single hate,  
We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe and one alone—  
ENGLAND!

In the Captain's Mess, in the banquet-hall,  
Sat feasting the officers, one and all,  
Like a sabre-blow, like the swing of a sail,

One seized his glass held high to hail;  
Sharp-snapped like the stroke of a rudder's play,

Spoke three words only: "To the Day!"

Whose glass this fate?  
They had all but a single hate.

Who was thus known?  
They had one foe and one alone—  
ENGLAND!

Take you the folk of the Earth in pay,  
With bars of gold your ramparts lay,  
Bedeck the ocean with bow on bow,  
Ye reckon well, but not well enough now.

French and Russian they matter not,  
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot,  
We fight the battle with bronze and steel.

And the time that is coming Peace will seal.

You will we hate with a lasting hate,  
We will never forego our hate,  
Hate by water and hate by land,  
Hate of the head and hate of the hand.

Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,  
Hate of seventy millions, choking down.

We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe and one alone—  
ENGLAND!

### ESCAPED PRISONER CAUGHT.

Asheville, Oct. 25.—After remaining away from Asheville for more than a year following his sensational escape from the court house where he was awaiting trial, Milton Hensley was captured at Weaverville yesterday and is being held at the county jail to face the charges on which he was arraigned when he slid from the court chamber to the ground three stories below on a rope. The prisoner recently was captured at Columbia and requisition papers were issued for his return to this State. The papers, however, were not honored by Governor Blease, who heard Hensley's tale of woe at the latter's cell. When caught, the prisoner stated that he was released from jail at Columbia and decided to return to Western North Carolina to "look around."